

Dublin March 26. 1858

Dear Mr May

I send you the Liberator for April this day printed. It was a little late to have to make any apology to Douglass's Julia - but I would have, I could not help it. Aaron Poore should have taken great pains to ascertain the truth before he gave H. C. W. to understand the matter as I had it from him. My wife says we have nothing to do with matters that if I had been right, I had better have let it alone. I suppose I shall be well sent to.

Miss Caroline Bellamy Hunt, a single lady who lives at Florence was very kind to me there last year writes among other things to say that the Weekly is dead, that this month marks the commencement of a monthly periodical the English woman's Journal. Shall I send this instead? I suppose it will be about of each number - now that I think of it the world will probably place it beyond the book postage rules between England & the United States. I would be glad to be doing any thing for Mr. Haffenden - who is now say "true blue."

The last I heard of J. Thompson was about 3 weeks ago in a letter from his son-in-law who says "he has left Calcutta for the Himalayas." There is a mystery about him. He is probably glad to be so far away from his wife - who has not been a crown of glory to him,

being petted, selfish, exacting, and a bother.

Will you please send the enclosed note to Mr. Barclay, with £1 British from the notes who is our friend Mrs. Eliza Jacob of Ballitore - a very enthusiastic, generous & very poor woman - who probably started herself to send the money. I am sure that any line of acknowledgment from Barclay would greatly satisfy Mrs. Jacob (whose maiden name was rough.) She at the same time lent me £1 from the Liberator. She reads Garrison as the man of men. She is an elderly woman, the widow of an artist.

Eliza Wigham is in Dublin. She helped me to deck up the Advocate by the loan of letters &c. And only think I had a letter today from Miss Estlin who hopes to be here tomorrow on a visit to us & to see her beloved Eliza - in this case orthodoxy & heterodoxy are most loving. Eliza is as gentle as a dove & bold as a lion & you could not help loving her if you tried - which you would not.

As to the Times nobody knows where it is to be bought. But in its regard for the material interests or honor of the country (speaking in an entirely worldly sense) it is utterly unprincipled. When you consider how many wealthy, worldly, influential Americans there are in England who penetrate its literary & wealthy circles you need not wonder that American ideas make way, particularly when the British & Foreign Ab. Society is a minority, & that its Committee

do more to calumniate & discountenance its friends
than to help them. I do not hesitate, & do not
to think that a very obscure & mediocre man like
myself is the only man in the three Kingdoms who
occupies any thing like a public position in
relation to the Abolitionists. As to the subscription
you speak of my only reason for wishing you to make
a change of your collector would be if you knew any
one likely to do it better - there would not be hard
for any one to do if the man is to be had.
Until then I will most willingly do what I can.
Any thing I can do for the cause is a pleasure,
unallayed only by regret that you have not more
of better help. My confidence in the goodness of
the cause & my respect for its champions never
abates. I have written to tell him Chapman
that we had to point to Philadelphia as a
respectable place of residence - for that if he did
not want our friends in town, John's father
would assuredly step in & pick them up. People
here know almost nothing of other interests of the
cause & it is hard to teach them.

My wife's father has had great loss of pro-
perty - and nobly they bear it. He is a fine hearty
cheerful, pleasant old man of 73. His eldest
son has just been well married this young son
(both live in Dublin) is about to get a first rate match
- so their head is bared. Now Edmundson, Eliza
only sister, is rich - the old people who never
want - I think I'll write to the Standard about the
Times next week - Yours very truly Henry W. Lamb

Richd Webb

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]